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THE
H O G
Toss'd in a B L A N K E T,
BY THE
Observer and his Country-man.



Printed for Honest Roger, Country-man to the Observer, 1705.
14. Feb. 1705.

The HOG Tofs'd in a Blanket, &c.

Country-Man.

T Roth, Master, nothing could have pleas'd me more :
What Pleasure 'tis to hear his Hogship roar?
Exert your Strength, advance your Arm with mine,
And let us make a Devil of a Swine.

Hog.

You're but a Silly, Sorry, Sawcy Dog,
To call so great a Man as I a Hog:
But 'tis Essential to your Brazen Face;
You call'd the *French Kings* General an *Ass*.

Observer.

Tofs him a Turnip, let him Bite and Peck,
When Hogs are hungry, what a Noise they make?

Country-Man.

I'll see him Hang'd as soon, a Nasty Beast,
Before I'll treat his Chops with such a Feast:
A Turnip, quotha; no, I'll vent my Scorn,
A Peck of Rotten Beans shall serve his turn.

Hog.

Continue to Rail on, ye Country Loon,
A Summons now would make you change your Tune;
And you shall have it whatsoe'er it cost me;
I'll make you Rue the Day that e'er you Tofs'd me.

Observer.

Do what thou canst Ungrateful Treach'rous Slave;
Strive to exert thy self a greater Knave;
Turn my Well-meaning into Redicule;
Call me a Rogue, and prove thy self a Fool.
My Lines in Glorious Annals will be Read,
When thou and all the Sons of Spight are Dead.

I'll still Oppose their Villany and Lies,
Maugre the Malice of my Enemies.

Country-Man.

Master, I'd have you maul him with your Cane;
Thrash him alittle, Talking is in Vain:
You'll then his farther Raillery prevent;
Tossing is but an easie Punishment.

Observer.

'Tis true, I would my Rage in Blows explain,
Had he the Sence or Figure of a Man;
But since he's neither, Thrashing I'll decline:
What Credit can it be to Beat a Swine?
He'll only make a Noise, and Bellow more.

Country-Man.

God Bless you Thrash him then, I'd have him Roare.
He looks as if he meant to stand the Brunt;
But hold your hand, I see he wants to Grunt.

Hog.

Yes, Sirrah, you shall hear me Grunt e'er long,
And I shall hear you Sing another Song:
I'll catch the *Observer* in a Net,
Before the present Term is ended yet.

Country-Man.

Master, I've got a Project worth your Notice,
A special Whim in *Verbo Sacerdotis*.
Let's hang a Yoke about his Neck, and then
He'll be distinguish'd from the rest of Men.
The Town will Hoot and Shout him for a Rogue,
And every Boy will cry *Here comes the Hog*.
As this wou'd Please your Friends to Hear and See,
'Twou'd be as good as Cakes and Ale to me.

Hog.

The *Observer* needs not Fome and Froth;
I've Informations that will stop his Mouth:

He hopes to miss the Bar: (but I hope not)
 His Old Abuses are not yet forgot.
 Here's *Inuendo's*, if they won't suffice,
 Rather than fail I'll make 'em out with Lies.
 Or, should I add an Oath, will't be a Crime?
 I've done such small Offences many a time.
 His Writing too, his Villany Displays,
 He's Impudent, as Honest *Lesley* says.

Country-Man.

Lesley's the Spring of Lies, and thou'rt the Source,
 'Tis past my Skill to Censure which is worse:
 If Satan shou'd be forc'd a Choice to make,
 He'd be Confounded which o'th' two to take:
 He'd be so very long in choosing whether,
 That I dare say he'd take you both together.
 Rail on you Sons of Malice, vent your Spleen:
 Go side with Rogues, and Banter Honest Men:
 The *Observer* values not the Stories
 Of Envious *Jacobites* and Fiery *Tories*.
 He's no Deluding Pamphleteering Sham,
 But he's a Downright True-Born *Englishman*:
 He don't excuse a Knave because at Court,
 He'll do 'em Justice if he suffers for't.
 He scratches Men that has a Factious Itch,
 And never spares a Rogue for being Rich.
 But, now I think on't, I'm a Foolish Dog,
 What signifies my talking to a Hog:
 Let's Toss him down, and leave him while he's Sober,
 And go and take one Bumper of *October*

F I N I S.